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A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

'Only a fancy sketch,' some one says. Well, perhaps this particular one is. But how many real ones have we without the mob cap and kerchief just as young and dainty and sweet, whose ambition is to grow up to be just as 'capable' a housekeeper as are the mothers who are training them. When we get a few more of these same wise mothers and aunts on our school boards we will then have hopes of seeing the art of housekeeping raised to a science. Then will our girls be taught that to broil a steak for father's breakfast as it should be done, and have it sharp on time, is just as important as to work out quickly and correctly an example in the rule of three; and that to be able to have the potatoes mealy, and the pudding light, and the bread—well, perfect—is more important than to be able to go through the sixth book of geometry without a blunder or all the binomial theorem you could work out in a month. Let our schools establish genuine housekeeping departments, not mere 'kitchen gardens' for the babies, where genuine housekeeping science is carefully taught, and so raise housekeeping to the dignity of the profession of nursing. The 'servant' question will then be nearer a settlement.

Mrs. Woo

A TRUE STORY.

(F. G. Bogert, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A missionary and his wife were sent to a crowded district in China to establish a station. They had not been there long when they heard of Mrs. Woo. She was a widow of about sixty-five years of age, living all alone in a dirty little hut, and earning fifty cents a week by braiding silk. The people said that Mrs. Woo had a demon; and so she had—a demon of an uncontrolled temper. Only angry replies were given to those who spoke to her, and her temper, when fairly aroused, terrified the whole community. The neighbors, poor as they were, said they would gladly bear the expense of a coffin to see her buried.

The missionary's wife frequently passed Mrs. Woo's house, and, whenever she saw the widow sitting by her door, saluted her pleasantly. At first the only reply was a surly muttering or a scowl; but after a while the greeting was returned, and in time the missionary stopped to chat with Mrs. Woo about her silk braiding. It was not long before the missionary began to speak of Christ and to invite Mrs. Woo to the meetings. One Sunday she came to church. Dirty and unkempt, with a defiant scowl, she was a contrast to the women around her. But she learned the Scriptural text, which each week was hung up in front and taught to the entire congregation.

The next Sunday Mrs. Woo was there again, and she continued to attend regularly and to learn the text and hymns. The first change noticed in the woman was a regard for her appearance; then the hard look on her face began to soften, and the outbursts of temper to be less frequent. At the end of a few months Mrs. Woo applied for admission to the church, and was received.

One day she came to the missionary's wife and said: 'I want to learn to read. I want to be able to read the texts that are put up in church every Sabbath. I want to read the hymns and the Bible.'

The missionary's wife offered to teach her if she would come to her house every day for one hour. Think of it! an old woman undertaking to learn those difficult Chinese characters, three or four thousand of which must be known in order to read the New Testament! It was a weary task, and one requiring infinite patience on the part of the missionary; but both teacher and pupil persevered day after day for months and months, until Mrs. Woo could read the Gospel of Mark and the familiar hymns. Then the lessons ceased.

Soon after this, the missionary noticed that Mrs. Woo was no longer braiding at her door when he passed, and when an assistant told him that Mrs. Woo was not working he called to inquire into the matter.

'Have you much work now, Mrs. Woo?' he asked.

'I'm not working any more; I'm preaching all the time.'

'Preaching all the time! But how do you live?'

'It's this way. You remember the red handkerchief you gave me last Christmas?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I fold my Bible and hymn book in that and start out in the morning. I go to several houses, and in each the people say: "That is a very pretty handkerchief you have." And I say, "Yes, would you like to see it?" Then I open it and take out the Bible, and read and preach, and then I take out the hymn book and read hymns. Then I go on, and by and by I reach a house when it is time to have rice, and the people ask me to have some, and I eat, and then I show them my handkerchief. In the afternoon I go on preaching, and I reach another house in time to have rice; and so I live.'

Rejoiced as the missionary was to learn of the work Mrs. Woo was doing, he could not approve of her manner of living.

'The people will call you a "rice Christian," ' he said, after trying in vain to show her that she could not keep on in that way. 'They will say that you are making money out of your religion; that you became a Christian so that you need not work any more.'

Finally they agreed upon a compromise. Mrs. Woo was to work in the morning and to go about preaching in the afternoon.

In time the missionary and his wife went home on furlough. 'There will be no interest among the women when we return,' said the wife sadly. 'There are good workers for the men, but there is no one to look after the women.'

The furlough ended and the missionary returned to China. It was the first Sunday, and he went to church to meet his people again. The men came in and took their seats. Then women began to come. Presently all the seats were filled and women stood in the aisles. Last of all came Mrs. Woo, leading two of her friends, and pushing her way through the crowd to a place as near the front as she could go.

The next day the missionary called on Mrs. Woo.

'How have you done it, Mrs. Woo? How did you get so many women to come to church yesterday?'

'Oh, I just went on preaching. I would go from house to house with my red handkerchief, and I would read the Gospel to the people, and then I would sing hymns to them. On Saturday I say, "To-morrow is worship day; you must go to church." When they make an excuse, I say, "I will come for you if you will go." Then on Sunday I go to the houses for the women. Last Saturday I said, "You must go to-morrow; the missionary will be there." And I stopped for those who did not like to go alone, and so they went to church.'

The missionary thought that Mrs. Woo's faithfulness should be rewarded. At his request she was enrolled among the regular workers, and paid from the missionary fund, that she might devote her whole time to teaching.

Instead of the woman with the demon, the terror and hatred of the neighborhood, Mrs. Woo became the best colporteur in the field, distributing more literature and reaching more people than any other assistant.

The recent outbreak in China brought death to all the foreigners in that station except to the missionary from whom I heard this story. 'But the work has not stopped,' he added in closing, 'for faithful Mrs. Woo is left to tell the story of Christ.'

Be Ye Also Ready.

(I. T. Thurston, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

It was in a Christian Endeavor meeting that a young girl gave this bit of personal experience.

'Just before Christmas,' she said, 'I was in a gallery where there was a large picture in which Jesus was the central figure. As I stood looking at the picture, a child in the crowd behind me asked, "Who is that, papa?" and the father replied, "That is Jesus Christ."

' "Jesus Christ—who was he?" asked the clear child voice again.

'In a low tone the father answered, "He was one who healed the sick, and cured blind and deaf people."

'I turned and saw a poorly dressed little girl with eager, earnest eyes fixed on her father's face. An instant, and I was swept along with the crowd; but as I passed on a voice in my own soul said, "Why don't you take that little child aside and tell her the wonderful story that she has never heard?"

'I turned then, but the throng was so great that it was some minutes before I got back to the picture, and though I searched eagerly all through the gallery, the little questioner was nowhere to be seen. I have never been able to forget her, or to forgive myself that I was not ready to improve the opportunity that the Lord gave me that day.'

As the young girl took her seat, the pastor added: 'Dr. Chalmers once spent the night at the house of a friend where there was another guest who was not a confessed Christian. The two had some conversation together in the evening, and slept that night in adjoining rooms.

'During the night the stranger died, and no one knew of it until morning.

'Dr. Chalmers could not cease to regret his lost opportunity. "Ah," he said, "God has rebuked me. I know now what St. Paul means by being 'in season and out of season.' Had I addressed that old man last night with urgency, it might have seemed to human eyes out of season, but how seasonable it would really have been!" '

If we Sunday-school teachers did but have this feeling when we meet our scholars, could we fail to speak to them with earnestness and power?

One Sunday, as I went into church, I was told that one of my scholars had died of diphtheria since we last met in the Sunday-school. How differently I should have spoken to that girl if I had known that it was my last opportunity! Surely we need to keep ever in mind the words of the Master, 'Be ye also ready.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Engineer's Substitute.

(C. A. Meeker, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

In the railway depot of the western terminus of the B. & O. railway, a locomotive stood panting and snorting, as though impatient to speed away on its journey. The fireman was giving the last touch to the already brightly-polished brasswork, while the engineer and division superintendent stood upon the platform beside the cab.

Another train had just pulled into the station, and its passengers were emerging from the cars and hurrying away. Some of them overheard a portion of the conversation that was taking place between the two men near the engine, as they passed, and one, a middle-aged gentleman, seemed much impressed by what he heard. for he paused, as if wishing to hear more.

'There is no use talkin', Henderson, you will have to make this run,' the listener heard the superintendent say, in a tone of voice that was anything but pleasant. 'It makes no difference to me, nor to the stockholders of this railway, what trouble you may have at home. Your place to-night is on that engine, and you must either take it or quit the service of the company altogether.'

'But you do not understand, sir,' replied the engineer, in a pleading tone. 'My wife is ill, very ill—perhaps dying.'

'I tell you there is no one to take your place—absolutely no one,' returned the overbearing official.'

'There is Johnson,' suggested the engineer, 'he is there in the depot, at this very moment.'

'What, that fellow? He will never run an engine another mile on this railway.'

'He has not touched a drop for three months, is perfectly sober. I saw him less than half an hour ago, and there is no better engineer in the country.'

'I do not care to argue this matter any further. You must either take out your engine, as I have directed, or you are dismissed.'

'This is hard, very, very hard,' murmured the engineer, as he turned away to take his seat in the cab. Just at that moment the stranger came up and he stopped with his foot on the step of his engine, to hear what the man wanted.

'I beg your pardon, gentlemen,' he said, 'but did I not hear that you needed the services of an engineer?'

'Well, what if we do?' was the brusque retort of the superintendent.

'Then I should like to offer myself, if it will be any accommodation. I am an old railway man, and an experienced engine driver.'

'But I do not know you,' returned the superintendent. 'It would be too much risk to trust this train in the hands of an utter stranger.'

'I have credentials that will convince you, I think, that I am thoroughly competent,' said the stranger, as he drew from the inner breast pocket of his coat a large leather case, took from it a document, worn with age, and handed it to the superintendent.

'This has reference to yourself, I suppose,' said the official, glancing over it, 'but it bears rather an old date.'

'Very true, and for that reason I value it the more highly. If I was a good man then, I am certainly much better now, for I have all these additional years of experience.'

'But you do not know the road?'

'Oh, yes, I do, every foot of it.'

'Well, if you can assure me, in any way, that you are all you claim to be, I will allow Henderson to lay off this trip,' was the reluctant answer.

'Then I would suggest that you and your engineer ride with me as far as Farmersville; that is only eight miles, and you can get the accommodation back here at once. I think I can convince you, in even that short run, that I understand my business.'

Just then the two minute bell sounded to warn the passengers that the train was about to start.

'Well, get aboard, and we'll see what you can do,' and the three men climbed into the cab.

'I will have to borrow your overalls and jumper,' said the stranger to the engineer, 'for I do not care to spoil a good suit of clothes.'

'Certainly,' replied Henderson, who, up to this time had been too much astonished to say anything.

Hastily drawing on the clothes, the new engineer grasped the throttle with his left hand, thrust his head out of the window, and said: 'We are all ready.'

The conductor sang out: 'All aboard!' gave the signal to start, and the next instant the great machine was set in motion, but so gently that scarcely a person on the train realized they were in motion until the cars had fairly drawn out of the depot. But gradually the speed was increased, until they were soon making their regular time.

In spite of his surly nature, the superintendent could not refrain from casting several glances of approval at Henderson, as he noticed how deftly the stranger handled his engine. As they drew near a station only a short distance from Farmersville, Henderson mechanically reached for the whistle chord, but he found the hand of the substitute there before him.

'You see I know the road,' he said.

'You certainly do,' replied the superintendent, 'and I think I will let you go on with the train.'

As Henderson was about to step from the cab, when the engine stopped at Farmersville, he grasped the hand of the strange engineer, and said, with deep feeling in his voice:

'You have done me a very great service to-night, and I shall never forget it, and if it is ever possible for me to do so, I will fully repay it.'

'That is all right,' was the hearty rejoinder. 'Hurry home to your wife, and don't worry about the train; everything will be properly attended to.'

The superintendent and Henderson returned home on the way train. The latter, fearful of what might be waiting him, went straight to his wife's bedside; while the former, uneasy in mind, for what he had done, remained in his office until midnight, when a despatch reached him from the other end of the division, that No. 8 had arrived all right, and on time.

As the superintendent seated himself at his desk the next morning, he found a note from the president of the railway, saying that he would arrive on No. 3, and wished to see him on important business. It was not until after two o'clock when Henderson came into the office.

'Well,' began the official, as he recognized his caller, 'are you going to shirk another trip to-night?'

'No, sir; my wife is much better, and I shall be at my post, as usual. I came up simply to thank you for letting me off last night.'

'Oh, it turned out all right, I'm thankful to say, but—' He was about to say a good deal more, but just then the door opened and two men entered. One was the president of the railway, who, stepping quickly forward, said, in a cheery voice:

'Ah, good morning, Mr. Clark; allow me to introduce Mr. Henry Ray, the gentleman whom the directors have chosen to succeed me in office.'

As the superintendent rose from his chair to acknowledge the introduction he almost fainted from surprise, for there before him stood the strange engineer, who, the night before, had taken Henderson's run.

'Why—why—is it possible?' he stammered.

'Yes, quite possible, Mr. Clark,' replied the new president. 'I am the one who took the throttle last night, for the first time in ten years anl you saw that I have not forgotten my skill. I overheard your conversation with this man here,' turning to Henderson, 'I felt sorry for him, in his trying position, and resolved to aid him. Had you refused to allow me to take his place, I should have made known my identity and ordered the fireman to relieve him, rather than keep him from the bedside of his stricken wife. And now, Mr. Clark, there is one thing I would like to suggest to you, and that is, treat your men as though they were human beings, and not mere machines. And you, sir,' continued the kind-hearted president, turning again to Henderson, 'may lay off for a few days—until your wife is recovered, and we will find someone to take your place during that time.'

A True Knight of Jesus Christ

(Robert E. Speer, in 'Wellspring.')

Eleven years ago there died at Sheikh Othman, in the southern end of the Arabian Peninsula, a young Scotchman named Ion Keith Falconer. He was thirty-one years old when he died, the same age at which Henry Martyn 'burned out for God.' Perhaps there is scarcely any other young man who can be so confidently held up before the young men of this day as a true knight of Jesus Christ.

Keith Falconer was the third son of the Earl of Kintore. He was born in Edinburgh in 1856. When he was five years old he was accustomed to read and explain the Bible to the other children. At the age of seven he used to go out secretly among the cottagers on his father's estate to read to them from the Bible. He got the nickname among them of 'the angel.' That was not a very good sign, but it did not hurt him. When he was nine he would say to the tutor, 'I wish you would

talk to me,' which was his way of asking to be taked to about Christ.

As he grew, he was a very outspoken Christian boy, and in his preparatory school, where he was almost head of the school, he hung a roll of Bible texts on his wall, so that all might see his colors. He was as sincere and whole-hearted as he was outspoken. He wrote from Harrow, when he was seventeen, to a friend, that he did not care to go to theatres and certain kinds of parties, because Christ always seemed to be left out, and he did not wish to go where he could not take Christ. In another letter he said his favorite hymn was 'Rutherford'—'The sands of time are sinking,' and he especially liked the second stanza—

O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge University, and he soon gained a great reputation as a bicyclist. On November tenth, 1874, he won the ten-mile race in thirty-four minutes, the fastest time on record then. In writing of that race, he said he intended the next day to ride a big wheel he called 'The Leviathan,' eighty-six inches high, and with several steps up the backbone. He got great amusement from the terror this monster wheel inspired as he rode along, and he enjoyed the pleasure of the risk connected with it, for he knew he would break an arm or leg if he fell off. In April, 1876, he won a four-mile race, at Lillie Bridge, breaking the record again. On October 23, 1878, in a five-mile race, he defeated John Keen, the world's professional champion then, in the time of fifteen minutes, eleven and two-fifths seconds. Four years later, on July 29, 1882, he won the fifty-mile amateur championship at Crystal Palace, beating all previous records by seven minutes. But his most interesting bicycle feat was a ride this same year of nine hundred and ninety-four miles in thirteen days, from Land's End to John O'Groats. It was bad weather, but he rode through the rain, and was the first man to make on a wheel this continuous journey from the south-western end of England to the northern extremity of Scotland. At his old school at Harrow a map was hung on the wall, and the whole school traced his course as he sent word from day to day of his progress.

But to be the best bicycle rider in the world was not enough for Keith Falconer. He determined that he would excel in shorthand. So he taught himself. At Harrow he practiced taking down sermons. Later, he came to know Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, who had a great admiration for him, and to whom Keith Falconer wrote a letter regarding his great race with Keen. Keith Falconer wrote the article on shorthand in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' when he was only twenty-eight.

But to be, perhaps, the best shorthand writer in Great Britain was not enough, either, to satisfy this young Scotchman. At last he thought he had found his place in the study of the Semitic languages, which he took up, resolved, as in everything else he touched, to be at the top. In 1881, he went to Leipsig to study especially Arabic. Two years later he became lecturer on Hebrew at Clare College, Cambridge, and it was one of the testimonies that his students gave to his fairness, that he took as much pains with the most stupid as with the most clever. Professor Noldeke spoke of him as a young 'master' in many lines, and before long he won the place in Arabic scholarship that he had been accustomed to win in all he undertook, and in 1886, he was elected Lord Almoner Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University, to succeed Professor Robertson Smith.

Now, surely, this should have satisfied a man, but Keith Falconer was not satisfied. There was something beyond all this. He had always been a Christian worker. At Harrow he was ever on Christ's side, and at Cambridge he was one of the little band that stood by Mr. Moody on his visit, when his welcome was not very encouraging. Later, he was one of a little company to buy a theatre in one of the worst parts of Cambridge, and turn it into a Christian meeting place. After this he threw himself into mission work in London, on Mile-end Road. And he was always having talks with men, trying to bring them to Christ. When he came home in the evening, and said to his wife, 'I have had such a good talk with a man,' she knew he meant that he had tried to win the man for Christ. And he was ever writing hopefully, too. 'Remember sinking Peter,' he wrote to one poor fellow. To Carrington, with whom he was working in London, he wrote regarding the inevitable choice between making self or God the centre of life. And he was greatly interested in Bible Conferences, such as the Broadlands Conference for deepening the spiritual life. Chinese Gordon heard of him, and invited him to go with him, but he declined.

His own plan was maturing. Why had God given him such a constitution, such strength, such rounded knowledge, such acquaintance with Arabic, such wealth as he and his wife possessed, such a company of strong friends? To use for self? Not in Keith Falconer's judgment. All must be used for God. How could they be better used than in a mission to the Mohammedans in Arabia? So Keith Falconer went out and looked over the ground. Then he came back, saw the Church of Scotland Missionary Committee, got a medical missionary for a companion, visited the Scotch Universities to arouse interest in the work, and then set out on his hard task.

The people were fanatical, but he knew their minds and hearts, and he had tact and love. The climate was hot and full of fever, but he was strong and he did not count his life dear to himself. The foundations of the mission were laid, and Keith Fanconer was soon mastering Hindustani because he thought a knowledge of that language also would help; and then the fever seized him. Not to be dismayed he kept up a cheerful heart, and read books by the dozen while he was lying sick—Scott, Rider Haggard, Besant, Pressensé, Blaikie, Bonar, Dr. J. Brown. He did not complain of the heat, which was fierce. He only wrote, 'Read Bonar's Life of Judson, and you will see that our troubles are naught.' And then at last he fell asleep on May 10, 1887, having, as the quaint wisdom of Solomon says, though 'made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.' One of his last words on the day of his death was, 'How I wish that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ, nearer, nearer, nearer.'

All young men should read the short, manly life of Ion Keith Falconer, written by Robert Sinker, and entitled, 'Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer.' For he was one of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and in his mouth was no lie, and he was without blemish. Not all of us have his talents, but each of us may have his devotion, and all may live as earnestly and strongly as he lived, believing with him that—

'One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.'

Sword and Plough.

There was once a count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plough, he called for his sword—
That gallant, good and brave—
They brought them both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave—

'My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

'On thee, my well-beloved younger boy,
My plough I e'en bestow;
A peaceful life thou shalt enjoy,
In the quiet vale below.'

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest
E'en to their dying day.

'Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight;
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight.'

Oh! ask not of me what the end may be;
Ask of the country round:
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide, in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plough.
—From German of Wolfgang Muller.

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Gujarat From the Railway Train.

(The Rev. Martyn Beatty, B.A., in 'Daybreak.')

Have you ever felt very hot? Yes. Very, very hot? Yes. Quite sure? Yes. All right, then; just imagine yourself twice as hot as you have ever been; also place yourself on a railway platform, with huge, dull-leafed, heavy banyan trees all round; the air steamy, motionless. Straight overhead, red-hot in a blue sky, simmers the terrible sun. No, it's useless; don't waste your handkerchief; just ignore perspiration. Now, if you feel able to look round, you will see some strange sights. We are in Anand station. The long platforms are covered with native travellers; most are sitting singly, in family groups or sociable circles, with their possessions packed in gay bundles or tin trunks 'made in Germany,' and themselves clothed with bits of rainbow. A few rushing about in a 'This-is-most-awful-I'll-never-leave-home-again' sort of way. These have arrived only half an hour before train time. Most Indians like to be three or four hours early, and the Englishman's apparently casual habit of turning up three minutes before time is to them wondrous and inscrutable.

What a din there is! I should think so. Why, there are sweetmeat sellers, fruit merchants, tobacconists, aerated water sellers, carved wood vendors, leather shoes and sandal sellers, 'mallis' or florists, all shouting with one accord. By the way, talking of florists, take notice that we are wearing garlands of flowers. They are a gift from the native Christians, who, according to the beautiful custom of the country, coming down to see us off, have hung garlands round our necks, and handed us great sweet-smelling bouquets.

But, see! the train, which fifteen minutes ago was a faint speck on the horizon, far away along those unswerving polished twelve miles of steel, has come in at last, panting, quivering with heat.

All the natives rush clamoring for seats; all the vendors yell. In a few minutes, however, order reappears; the sober brown carriages swallow up one rainbow throng of humanity; another brilliant tide is ebbing out at the barriers. The compartment we are in is not unlike a home one. All the windows, however, can be raised or lowered; and couches may be let down from the roof, where they are fastened, so that they hang some three or four feet above the ordinary seats, thus providing beds for four at night. You must remember that a train, so great are the distances in India, usually runs several days and nights before reaching its final destination. . . .

Well, we are off at last to the great city of Surat, a six hours' journey south. As the engine gathers speed we pass through well-wooded country, and the gentle breeze made by the train drying and cooling up, comfort returns once more. Outside we see the farmers everywhere busy with their bullocks yoked to a wooden plough, getting the crops in. Rain has fallen during the last few days; a soft green carpet is covering the hard, ugly, bare ground, which the custom of months has not yet reconciled us to. Faster and yet faster glides the train. Twelve miles from Anand we leave Wasad behind, the trees disappear and we approach the banks of the Mahi River.

On still, and through such bare, flat lands, bleak, black soil, with young cotton plants like currant bushes stretching into the far distance, the horizon line broken only by an occasional betempled village looming up, oasis-like. A heavy thundercloud has covered up half the sky, and soon we are enveloped in rushing, splashing, solid rain. No rain in Ireland like the torrent of an Indian monsoon. How glad we are to see it here! With every fresh burst, the dread spectre of famine grows fainter and fainter. Trees and plants swell with new life and a desire to rival Ireland's green. Frogs, in brand-new yellow coats, evolve from nothingness, and, sitting on the edge of every pool, croak their hoarse gratitude. Insects in myriad forms come too, but there is no rose without its thorn; we will talk of insects another day when—when we are out of temper. At present all things are happy, bursting with joy; and little wonder, for terrible has been the time of that gentleman who sits cross-legged in the corner of our carriage. He is evidently a prosperous Broach merchant, and spoke to us a moment ago in fluent English. Now, oblivious of our presence, he bows, prays to, and worships the stream below. For the Nerbudda is sacred—it is a Hindu god!

No joke; it is quite true. What do these superstitious people not worship, from the stones of the earth, smeared with red paint, to the monkeys swinging in the trees; from the deadly snake, the brilliant peacock, and the placid cow, to the muddy river. It is sad, so sad, to see men 'changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to fourfooted beasts, and to creeping things.' This is what men do here to-day, just as did those of whom Paul wrote in the Epistle to the Romans.

Tell me, my companion through these hours of swift travel over the wide plains of great big Gujarat (you have seen a small part of the land, but what multitudes live in it, and in what spiritual darkness they wander, you can never fully realize)—tell me, do you know what Christ's love means? Whisper—is it yes? Suffice it, then, that these do not know him. See, ripe is his harvest—the laborers are few.

But whilst we chat we are swiftly passing, with an occasional short stop, on to Surat. Now we have reached the south country, and against the sunset sky, washed with red and streaked with gold, fading to lemon, sea-green, and darkest blue, in ragged wild array stand up the wind-tossed palms. That is the old Kote of Kim—a fort and place of stop in earlier days for weary travellers into an unknown land. Now the train passes it, forlorn in its solitary grove of palms. The sun sets; like a sudden pall falls the Eastern darkness; the stars shine; insects of the night shrill piercingly to the harsh background of the frog's hoarse boom. With a roar and a rattle we pass over the Tapti River bridge and glide into welcome Surat.

On the platform to meet us is the resident missionary, and down the steps is a gharri. A strange vehicle it is. In we get, and past mysterious, dark shops, lit by smoky fires, through a strangely-clad throng, glimpsing in the night, we are driven for over a mile. A short turn down a dark, silent lane, and a stop before a strangely-carved old door brings us to a house, Eastern, mystical and ancient, and our journey to an end.

Not Ashamed.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Our Young Folks.')

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say good-by to his grandmother.

'I am about to start,' he said, gayly. 'If you have any last words, now is the time for them.'

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

'Try to do your duty, my boy,' she said, 'and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs.'

'Dear grandmother!' was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his good-bye kiss.

One night, a group of freshmen were collected in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before, they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like lifelong friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley rose to go.

'What's the matter?' said Dan. 'You are not going to leave us?'

'Yes, I must. I have an engagement.'

'Forget it,' said Billy Archer. 'Break it. We can't let you go; your company is so delightful.'

'That's true,' said Charley, modestly; 'but you must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again.'

He was half-way down the narrow corrider of the dormitory when he hesitated. A moment later, he opened Dan's door again, and put his head in.

'Look here,' he said, 'you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Professor Dean's Bible class, and I don't care about going on the sly.' He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had disappeared.

'What was that for?' asked Dan.

'Advertisement,' said Billy.

'But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him.'

'There are several ways of advertising,' remarked Billy, 'and beware of imitations.'

'If Peters is a Sunday-school boy,' said Mat Hewlitt, 'I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among us all, for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly.'

'Don't be cast down,' said Billy, consolingly; 'he may be worse than you fear. Going to Bible class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint.'

'What do you know about it, old man?' asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later, Mat said to the others, 'What do you suppose Peters was upholding at the club to-night?'

'Morning chapel?' asked Dan.

'We were all talking,' Mat went on, 'about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is, and

he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as atheletics, and what a pity that the "college spirit" couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the football championship.'

'Wasn't it scandalous?' said Billy. 'What could he have meant by it?'

'Something serious,' said Dan. 'I really think that Peters must be a genuine case, for when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing it goes a good way to prove his saintship.'

Up in his room, Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

'It is so much easier,' he thought, ruefully, 'to do what you consider right than to own up to it publicly. Why did grandmother put in that clause? I'd like to keep my principles to myself, and then the fellows think I'm a prig, which does not matter, I suppose. But what good does it do?'

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to 'work' one of his many 'schemes,' for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy and some others were talking it over, one afternoon.

'Charley Peters would be just the one to help,' said Mat, 'if he will.'

'He won't,' said Dan.

'Why not?'

'Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb for him, and this'—Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

'Isn't in the Bible,' suggested Billy, dryly.

'Pshaw!' said Mat. 'We must have a little fun. We will ask him.'

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story, 'Charley Peters!'

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in.

'You are the only man in the class who can help us out,' said Mat, 'and we rely on you.'

'I can't do it,' said Charley.

'Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must.'

Charley shook his head.

'Why not?' said Dan.

Before there was time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly, 'Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy.'

Charley squared his shoulders, and by an unconscious gesture, stretched his strong, young fingers out before him.

'I am, indeed!' he said, energetically. 'When I came here to college, I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean, and, please God, I mean to do it.'—That night, Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

'Peters,' he said, 'I wish with all my soul that I were you!'

Charley was too much surprised to speak.

'When I first went off to school,' Billy went on, 'I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it, and, little by little, I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say, you thought me the most hardened of the crowd.'

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, 'I wonder whether I could'—

'Yes,' interrupted Charley, eagerly, 'you can; you will. You will begin over, and do right.'

'Will you stand by me?'

'Yes, I will—and one better than I, Billy.'

It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother: 'I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it; and it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would.'

How John Paid Nan

The family were at supper table when John came in with his skates. After supper father said to him:

'John, you have been gone all the afternoon. You did not get your work done. It must be finished to-night, you know.'

John went out into the shed with a gloomy brow. It was not long, however, before the tones of his voice came in very cheerfully through the closed door into the sitting-room.

'Is that Nan out in the shed with John?' asked Janetta.

Her mother smiled and nodded.

Janetta was almost grown up. She felt herself to be wise and often liked to give her mother advice, as most of us have liked to do in our time. She gave her some now.

'I think, mother, that you ought not to let Nan help John so much. She will spoil him. It is no girl's work for her to be carrying wood for him down into the cellar. She never seems to mind what she does, if it will make things easier for John.'

'He pays her pretty evenly, I think,' said Mrs. Neville, quietly.

'Pays her!' repeated Janetta in surprise, looking doubtfully at her mother. 'How?'

'Keep your eyes open and see,' said Mrs. Neville. She would give no hint of what she meant.

'John,' said Nan, when they had come back into the house and were warming themselves luxuriously, 'Eva Hastings can't go to the singing class because she hasn't anybody to take her home. We could walk just that little distance round the corner with her, couldn't we?'

'Where's her brother, Jim? Why can't he go for her?'

'He'll not be bothered, he says. You always come after me, anyway. So I thought that it wouldn't be so very much farther to take Eva on home.'

'I suppose it wouldn't,' said John. 'All right.'

Janetta looked across at her mother. But Mrs. Neville's head was bent over her work.

The next day at noon John was full of a plan which the boys were making at school.

'We are going to get up a sleigh ride—just we ourselves. We are going to pay for the big sleigh amongst us boys. Then we will invite the young ladies to come with us.'

Janetta condescended to show a little interest. She usually felt herself above John and his friends, but if it was a question of having a sleigh ride when sleigh rides were few, perhaps she might forget her dignity for once to advantage. John noticed this. He was divided as to whether to feel flattered or to grumble.

'Yes, of course, some of the fellows want you, Janetta,' he said. 'They know that generally you don't remember that they are alive; and it is just possible that now and then you slip out of their memory for a minute or two at a time. But on an occasion like this we can make believe all round. You see, it adds something to the style to have girls on board with long skirts and their hair put up.'

Nan was listening wistfully. Her skirts were not long and her hair was in a pig tail. Still, she oughtn't to be selfish; it was nice for John and Janetta, and her turn would come, by and by.

'In my own case, though,' John continued, 'I didn't choose my girl for style. I have more sense. She is young; she may fall asleep during the proceedings, but she is the nicest girl in town, for all that, of any size—except mother—Nan is.'

'O John, you didn't!' cried Nan, joyfully. 'How perfectly, perfectly lovely of you!'

Janetta thought of several things, of which the sleigh ride was only one. Meantime, Dr. Neville had come in for his dinner.

'John,' he said, 'I hope that you have not been making friends with those two Barbour boys.'

'I haven't,' said John; 'Nan wouldn't let me. I couldn't see anything bad in them; and they are awfully entertaining. But Nan made such a fuss that I had to give in.'

'Well, you may be very thankful to Nan,' said his father. 'They have got themselves into a miserable scrape. They were picked up on a back street drunk last night and put in a common jail!'

While the others exclaimed and questioned, John was uncommonly silent. At the end, before he started back to school, he said, soberly:

'A fellow dosen't lose much by taking Nan's advice. Maybe if Harry and Phil Barbour had had a deacon for a sister they never would have got into such bad ways.'

In the course of the afternoon Janetta drew her chair up close to her mother's.

'Mother,' she said, 'I have watched and I see. Nan gets high pay from John for hewing wood and drawing water—the highest.'

'I knew that you would see it before long,' said her mother. 'A girl cannot do better than build little fences of kindness and love and goodness about her brother, that will help to keep him safe. Even if she roughens her hands a little at it and works rather more than her share, it is well worth while. Isn't it?'—'Forward.'

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'The man who wishes to live a long life in the tropics must be an abstainer from alcohol,' says a physician, Dr. Below, who has been practising for many years in Central America.

LITTLE FOLKS

Beginning School.

(The 'Christian Register.')

'Yes, Bennie,' said his Aunt Judith, and somehow the words had a forbidding sound in the child's ears. 'To-morrow your school life begins, and you must remember that we expect great things from you. Your teacher is going to live with us through the winter.'

'Live with us,' Bennie faltered, enquiringly.

'Yes, though there's no earthly use in it that I can see,' replied his aunt, quickly. 'She is a young lady, only two years out of college, whom your father met in Italy last spring. She is going to teach in the Raymond school for a year, and I suppose your father thinks you can learn more if she's right here in the house.'

To tell the truth, Bennie was not a very happy little boy. His mother had died when he was such a baby he could not remember her at all, and his father had spent most of the time for the last five years in foreign countries. His aunts meant to be very good to him, and they kept his clothes in beautiful order, read endless stories to him, some of which he understood fairly well and others he didn't, and told him often how good he must be and how much he must learn. They liked to have him play quietly with his playthings and walk quietly in the streets, and not play much with other children, for fear he should catch something, measles or chickenpox or mumps. You see, they had almost forgotten how they felt when they were little girls, and they had never been little boys at all. So, of course, they couldn't possibly know how Bennie would have liked to play rough games and shout at the top of his lungs and wear strong clothes that he need not be careful of, and how good it would have been for him, too.

So, when Bennie knew that the dreaded day had come, and that he must go to school, he was afraid of everything. He was a shy little fellow, because he had had little chance to make friends with boys and girls of his own age. He had learned to keep his small troubles to himself in a way that can hardly be understood by happier children, and so he said nothing; but in his heart he was afraid of the big boys for fear they would laugh at him, and afraid of the little boys for fear they would tease him, and afraid of his studies for fear he wasn't bright enough to learn them, and afraid, most of all, very much the most of all, of the new teacher.

That evening Aunt Judith and Aunt Henrietta thought it their duty to tell him how important the next day would be to him.

'Everything depends on the way you begin, you know, Benny!'

'Yes'm,' said Benny, dutifully, but with a horrible sinking at his heart.

'When little boys in Turkey begin to go to school, it is a very solemn affair,' said Aunt Henrietta. 'All the school children go to the new little boy's house, dressed up in their best clothes. Then he rides all alone on a pony that has been decorated with ribbons, and the procession of scholars walk on foot to accompany him to school. Oh, and the priest prays over him first. He is considered the hero of the day.'

Bennie wished he were in Turkey.

'Little boys in China have to sweep the school room and wash the teacher's dishes, and there are a thousand letters in the alphabet, and the boys have to learn all their books by heart,' went on Aunt Henrietta, looking at Bennie rather severely, as if she thought it were all his fault somehow.

Bennie wished he were in China, probably on the principle that trouble afar off seems more endurable than trouble at close quarters.

In reality, Bennie was a very well-educated little boy. He could hardly remember when he didn't know how to read, and his Aunt Judith had brought out the old copy of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic that she had used when she went to school, and put him through the same kind of drill she had had herself. He had read a great deal, for he had had so much time for that, and he had even begun Latin, for his Aunt Henrietta had been a fine Latin scholar and naturally considered it more important than anything else. However, she didn't know that he knew more than other children of his age, so that did not sustain his spirits now.

He walked more and more slowly until he reached the pretty house where the Raymond school was kept. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond had made the place very attractive and the school room was in a small building, to which a wide passage-way led from the house. There was an outside entrance, and the part of the grounds immediately around it was reserved for the use of the children. When Bennie arrived, about a dozen boys and girls were already there, talking excitedly in the pleasure of seeing each other again and laughing as if school were not such a terrible place after all. A sudden quiet fell on the group as Bennie approached, and he felt more embarrassed than ever. He longed to fly, but managed to ask politely:

'Is this the Raymond school?' Of course he knew it was, but he

Good Appetite.
A mouth that's quite small has Dick Dutton,
But HAYSTACKS he eats like a glutton,
—If cows chew the hay
And in their own way
Convert them to milk for Dick Dutton.
Bridgman
'92

felt desperate, and couldn't think of any other way to break the ice.

'Yes, it is.' 'Are you a new scholar?' 'I should think you'd know, seeing you live so near here.' All these replies, coming like a volley, rather staggered Bennie; but attention was soon diverted from him by another arrival, and he sat down on the steps by himself, rather disconsolate.

Mrs. Raymond soon came out and greeted the scholars and told them that they might go in the school room or not, as they chose, and that Miss Lowell, the new teacher for the younger department, would soon be ready to see them. None of the scholars made a move to enter, and one little girl declared she shouldn't budge until she caught sight of the new teacher. 'They say she's awful strict,' went on her busy tongue. Bennie's gloom deepened; and he went by himself into the sunny school, bright with growing plants and flowers.

He caught sight of a picture standing on the teacher's desk, which seemed to him exactly like one his father had sent to him from Italy, only smaller. He went closer to look at it, reached across the desk to take it nearer, his jacket sleeve caught in the teacher's small bottle of ink, and in another minute the ink had run in tiny rivulets over the clean blotter, the neat pile of writing paper, the unused record book, lying ready for the names of the smaller scholars, and was dripping, a drop at a time, down to the floor. Benny stood still in utter horror at what he had done. One glance was enough. He had not even the presence of mind to sop it up with the blotter, but turned and fled, out of the door, through the crowd of unconscious children, down the street, round the corner, deep into the park which was conveniently near and afforded the immediate shelter.

How could any boy face such a beginning as that! And especially when Aunt Judith said, Everything depends on the way you begin. Benny felt that his heart was broken. He couldn't go back to school, he couldn't go back home.

Benny lay down on the grass behind a clump of overgrown lilac bushes. He almost went to sleep, despite his grief, or at least, when he saw a young woman standing near him, he thought he must have been asleep, for he hadn't heard her come. Such a bright, merry face as she had and such a loving look in the eyes! Somehow, Benny felt comforted before she said a word to him.

'For mercy's sake, little boy,' she said, 'what is the matter? You make me think of my small brother the time he thought he had set the house on fire and ran off and hid in the barn instead of coming to tell about it.'

Benny was interested in spite of himself.

'And did he?' he asked timidly, looking straight into the lady's eyes as if he had always known her.

'Why, no, of course not. He did set the window curtain on fire and spoiled the pretty bows I had just fastened it up with; but my mother happened to come in the room just as he ran out of it, and she pulled the curtain down all right. Nothing else was burned.'

'I guess he felt pretty bad,' said Benny, remembering his own troubles with a sigh.

'But you haven't told me your bother yet,' said the pretty lady, sitting down beside him on the grass.

Sometimes it is easier to tell things to people you don't know very well; and, before Benny knew it, he had poured out all his dread and shame and perplexity.

'But why didn't you wait until your teacher came in?' she asked in a sensible, commonplace tone, as if it weren't the most dreadful thing in the world even to spill a bottle of ink; and perhaps it wasn't to one whose brother almost burned the house down, Benny reflected, but it would be to Aunt Judith and Aunt Henrietta. He knew from experience that even one drop of ink is pretty bad; and this was a whole bottleful.

Then Benny explained further.

'You see, the teacher is a new one, and she's 'awful strict,' so a girl told me; and the very, very worst of it is that she's going to live at our house, and I wish I could run away.'

Then the pretty lady laughed the nicest, funniest laugh you ever heard. 'Let's not talk about it this lovely day,' she said, merrily. 'Don't worry over things till you come to them, that's my motto. Probably the strict old teacher has sopped up her horrid old ink by this time, and is getting paid up for her strictness by having to teach children who don't like to be taught. That's trouble enough for any teacher.'

Benny laughed a little, but his heart was still heavy.

'Now they will not expect you home before half-past one,' went on the gay voice; 'we'll just have some luncheon out here together under the trees first.' Benny had eaten little breakfast; and the sandwiches tasted surprisingly good, even to a boy with a broken heart. The two grew ever so well acquainted, and the tragedy of the morning retreated into the background. It was a surprise when the one o'clock bell rang.

'I suppose you'll stop and see the teacher on your way home,' said the pretty lady in a matter-of-fact tone.

'I suppose I must,' sighed Benny, and his mouth quivered suspiciously. Then he broke out passionately: 'Oh, if only Miss Lowell were like you, you know! I never saw such a nice lady as you are. If only teachers could be like you, then I wouldn't be afraid.'

They walked down the path together. 'I suppose we'll meet the children,' he said, plaintively.

'No, we shall not meet the children, because I told them we would have the first day a short one, Benny, and I sent them home early. And, oh, I think I forgot to mention it, but, Benny'—

Benny looked up startled. Then he caught the laugh in her eyes.

'And I'm Miss Lowell, Benny.'

And that was the beginning of the dearest and best friendship between the two, and it is truly the truth that after a time Benny forgot to be afraid of anything at all; and, when his father came home the next spring he found a tall, strong boy who could play baseball and row a boat. And Aunt Judith and Aunt Henrietta were very proud of him and took all the credit to themselves.

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LESSON III.—July 19.

Samuel's Farewell.

I. Samuel xii., 13-25.

Golden Text.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart. I. Samuel xii., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 13.—I. Sam. xii., 1-12.
Tuesday, July 14.—I. Sam. xii., 13-25.
Wednesday, July 15.—Josh. xxiv., 14-28.
Thursday, July 16.—Deut. x., 12-22.
Friday, July 17.—I. Kings xviii., 20-24.
Saturday, July 18.—Heb. iii., 1-19.
Sunday, July 19.—Josh. xxiv., 1-13.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

13. Now therefore behold the king whom ye have chosen and whom ye have desired! and, behold, the Lord hath set a king over you.

14. If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him, and obey his voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall both ye and the king that reigneth over you continue following the Lord your God:

15. But if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord, but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers.

16. Now therefore stand and see this great thing which the Lord will do before your eyes.

17. Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord in asking you a king.

18. So Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day: and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel.

19. And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not: for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king.

20. And Samuel said unto the people, Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness: yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart;

21. And turn ye not aside; for then should ye go after vain things which cannot profit nor deliver, for they are vain.

22. For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: Because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.

23. Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way.

24. Only fear the Lord and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.

25. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king.

Saul had been introduced to the nation as their king, when Samuel gathered them together at Mizpeh, as we saw last week, but he seems not to have at once been formally installed into his office, or crowned, as we would say.

Saul was in the prime of life, and his new honor had opened before him great possibilities, but he had not especially distinguished himself in the eyes of the people. If you will read the short passage of Scripture between the last lesson and this one, you will discover that an opportunity soon came. The Ammonites, distant relatives of Israel, as they were descended from Lot, soon caused trouble, and Saul called Israel together and went out to battle against them. He so completely defeated the enemy that no two of them could be found together.

This victory caused great rejoicing, and united the people more closely than ever under Saul. Indeed, they were only restrained by their king from putting to death those who had despised Saul when Samuel presented him to the people at Mizpeh. Samuel at once called upon the people to go to Gilgal, 'and there they made Saul king before the Lord.' The scene of this lesson, Gilgal, was the place where the Israelites first stopped and celebrated the Passover when they entered the land.

Samuel took this occasion to make his farewell address to the people over whom he had so long been judge. He was about seventy years old, and lived for years after this, an influential man in Israel, though no more their judge.

The time of this lesson is uncertain, though its events took place soon after those of last week. The season was May or June.

It must be noted that we have only a part of Samuel's address in the Scripture allotted to this lesson. The entire address should be read. In the first 12 verses Samuel calls attention to his old age, and then calls upon the people to bear witness to the uprightness of his character during his long public career. He then recounted briefly the history of God's dealings with them from the time they were in Egypt until this day. Then comes the first verse of our lesson, which we divide as below:

1. Promise for Obedience. Verses 13, 14.
2. Warning against Disobedience. 15.
3. The Miraculous Sign. 16-19.
4. Further Promises. 20-22.
5. Samuel Promises to Continue His Intercession. 23-25.

'Now therefore behold the king whom ye have chosen.' God had yielded to their clamor for an earthly king and Saul had been set over them. Though this request was displeasing to the Lord he had not cast off his people. They were to learn by sad experience the cost of disregarding the will of God, but he was still their God nevertheless.

'If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him,' etc. Though now a monarchy, the great constitution and laws of the nation, given by the Lord through Moses, were still to be in force. They were to submit to God as of old. Not only did they have the law, but doubtless Samuel had in mind the great line of prophets of whom he was first. They were not to rebel against the divine commandments. If they would continue thus in obedience, and if their king did likewise, it would be well with them.

Notice the great mercy of God. The people had insisted upon a king, and he had been given them. God had been insulted by ungrateful spirits, yet he still promises them favor, if they will not disobey him.

But Israel required warning as well as promise. This is human nature. The bright side of the picture is not always enough to attract. The terrible consequences of sin have to be so vividly painted as to cause men to fear them, and thus avoid transgression.

'But if ye will not obey,' etc. The hand of the Lord would be against them if they disobeyed him. They would require correction and deserve punishment. Remember, God had chosen Israel to be his peculiar people, through whom he might work out his designs for the race, and he has not even yet given them up, but keeps that people distinct from all others, though scattered over the whole world. In order to fulfil his plans it would be necessary to discipline the nation when it should prove rebellious. The present dispersion is only a part of the divine dealing with the Jews.

'As it was against their fathers.' This is not an idle threat of the prophet. He has only to refer to their own history to prove that God can and does punish. Can you recall one instance in their history?

'Now, therefore, stand still and see this great thing, which the Lord will do before your eyes.' God was now to give them an object lesson, indicating his presence and power. It was the time of the wheat harvest, when, as a rule, no rain falls in that region. Robinson says, 'In ordinary seasons, from the cessation of the showers in spring (about the end of April) until their commencement in October or November, rain never falls, and the sky is usually serene.'

It would then be an astonishing and even appalling thing to have a thunder storm burst forth at this season. Notice that this came when Samuel called upon the Lord.

'That ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great.' The voice of the thunder, coming from this miraculous storm, was a divine endorsement of the words of Samuel, and, moreover, by its very threatening nature, the tempest was expressive of disapproval of evil. It had the effect of causing a great fear to fall upon all the people. They called upon Samuel to pray for them, and acknowledged that in asking for a king they had done wrong.

If you trace out carefully the history of Israel, as given in the Scriptures, you will discover that God has ever been quick to listen to his repenting people. Israel sinned often, but as often God forgave. Had it been against an earthly ruler, what one would have been as long suffering as God has been? We sometimes hear men speak of God's sternness, or even his cruelty, but, when we read the history of his dealings with defiant, sinful men and nations, his forbearance, mercy and love become more prominent than any other attribute.

So Samuel at once, while still reminding the people of their wickedness, bids them fear not. He exhorts them not to turn aside after 'vain things.' In Hebrew, the word translated here 'vain things' is 'emptiness.' It is applied in several places in the Old Testament to idols and idolatry. Surrounded by idolaters, the great temptation to the Jews was to run after these false religions.

Christians to-day have similar difficulties to contend with, in modern false interpretations of Christianity. 'Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

'For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake.' Not only because of his infinite love and mercy, but because of his great name he would not forsake Israel. If they were destroyed by their heathen enemies, the name of their God would be despised by men, for the idolaters would think he had been unable to save them.

To have someone to intercede by prayer in their behalf in addition to their own petitions, has always been one of the comforts of believers. It was not to be taken from Israel now. Samuel would have counted it a sin should he have ceased to pray for Israel.

He promises not only to pray for them, but to continue as a teacher of the people. He gives up his authority as judge but not his influence as a guide to the people.

The grand old leader closes his address with an adjuration to Israel to serve God sincerely and earnestly, and to consider what he had done for them. He also shows the danger of wickedness.

It may be well to call the teacher's attention to the fact that this lesson furnishes an opportunity for taking up the subject of intercessory prayer.

Next week we have as our lesson, 'Saul Rejected as King.' I. Samuel xv., 13-23.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, July 19.—Topic—Religion between Sundays. Acts ii., 42-47.

Junior C. E. Topic

YOUR FAVORITE PSALM.

Monday, July 13.—A psalm of love. Ps. cxvi.

Tuesday, July 14.—A psalm of praise. Ps. c.

Wednesday, July 15.—A psalm of courage. Ps. cxxv.

Thursday, July 16.—A psalm of trust. Ps. cxxi.

Friday, July 17.—A psalm of prayer. Ps. xc.

Saturday, July 18.—A shepherd psalm. Ps. xxiii.

Sunday, July 19.—Topic—Which is your favorite psalm, and why? Ps. xxiv.

Temperance

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family, who have been bereft of husband and father by a railway wreck caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer, are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking. The boy succeeds in completely deceiving them for a time, but is finally discovered to be a frequenter of the lowest dive in the disreputable city. At first he denies this, then admits that he was lying. His brother Ralph gives him a horsewhipping, and a systematic campaign is begun to keep him from the cigarette vice. He is deprived of money and liberty. Willie, another brother, is taken ill with typhoid fever. Claude steals money from his sister Allie's purse and smokes. His mother faints on learning what he has done. In the confusion he escapes.]

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The next day Claude's mood had utterly changed. He was all sobs and penitence, ready to promise anything and everything in the way of future reform, and he expressed himself as only too anxious to submit to any measures and penalties in order to prove his contrition.

'Claude,' said Ralph, 'any measures and restrictions which have been, or will be, applied to you, are not, as you will understand, intended either as punishment or revenge for your misconduct. We have left your deserts out of the question in dealing with you, and we shall continue to do so. Our object is to employ any method that will cure you of this accursed habit, which has blunted, indeed, utterly destroyed all natural affections and impulses, robbed you of even an understanding of truth and honor, in short, has made you, at fourteen, a desperado, blackguard, and a low sneak thief—an all-round criminal of the lowest and most vicious type. I do not deny that vile company and viler literature have contributed to your downfall, but I still believe that had you never, in the first place, begun the use of cigarettes, your moral sensibilities would never have become so dulled as to lead you, of your own accord, into these other vices.

'Everything has been tried with you; for a year you have watched our mother's hair turning white with anguish for her baby; you have seen your only sister change from a gay, light-hearted girl, to a grave, sad-faced young woman, weighted down with the responsibility of trying to make up in every way she can to your poor mother for the loss of a devoted and good father and the unspeakably more agonizing heartache of an unloving and wicked child. They have prayed with you, helped you, and loved you through everything. Our brother lies at the point of death, and through all his delirium he prayed that God would save Claude. As for myself, while I live, I shall never forgive myself for my wicked shortsightedness in allowing you to take that job at the hostelry—not that I think you encountered any temptations there, especially under my eye, which you would not have met in any other situation, but you were not thrown into contact with Christian people, or even people whose general sympathies were on the side of the right. There was nothing there to uplift or to direct a boy's thoughts to the higher things of life; and I greatly blame myself. You can see for yourself, Claude, that a change has taken place in me. I have found poor Willie's Saviour, and with his help I am resolved to devote myself to his service, and, so far as possible, atone for my past wicked carelessness. Claude, I pray that you may be led to seek and find the only sure way to rid yourself of this yoke.

'Now, I am going to keep you locked in here for a week, until I think what to do with you. I shall bring up your meals myself. The board partition between the clothes-closet and bathroom will be removed. The bathroom door will also be kept locked when not in use, and you can use the sliding panel from the closet, which I shall have fixed. I shall send up your dumb-bells and clubs, so I guess that for a week or two, at least, you will come to no serious harm for want of exercise. Your Bible and school books will also be sent up, together with Willie's tool-chest, with which you are quite handy, and materials to make a set of hanging shelves, with some pictures to frame and broken chairs which have been standing in the attic waiting to be mended.

'Now, Claude, we are all praying for you, and are going to visit you and help you all we can, but you must try to do your part. I must go now, as it is almost time to go to work, and I have had no dinner.'

For the next week Willie made rapid improvemen', and Doctor Meredith finally announced that with great care, the worst danger was now over and a recovery might safely be counted on. He, however, especially warned them that the only chance still lay in unremitting and watchful care, even more now than during the delirium.

In another week, Willie had so greatly progressed that the doctor permitted one or two devoted school-mates to take turns in sitting up with him. The fourth night, it was Alf. Bristol who came. Alf. and Willie had been fast friends from babyhood, though Alf. had left school six months before in order to take a situation.

'Now, Alf.,' explained Allie, 'you know how wildly hungry typhoid convalescents are, but remember, when Willie wakes up, no matter how he begs, you must not give him more than half that arrow-root in the bowl on the little table in the hall. Don't let him see the other half, but you can give it to him when he wakes up early in the morning. Remember, Alf., the doctor says he can have all the drink he wants. Here it is in the pitcher with a glass beside it. Now, remember, give him all he asks for.'

Alf. faithfully promised to follow these directions to the letter as he took up his watch by the bedside. About midnight he began to feel very sleepy, and looked about for something to distract his attention. A brandy-bottle, kept to use in case of emergency, stood on the dresser. Alas! during the past few months, Alf. had learned to take the first glass, so he helped himself to a stiff draught from the flask, partly with the idea of bracing himself against drowsiness. The youth was not accustomed to take down brandy neat, and the alcohol went to his head. A little later, Willie awoke and feebly asked for refreshment. Alf. hurried with a drink to him,—'Haven't you anything to eat?' murmured the sick boy, querulously. 'Why are they always trying to starve me?'

Alf. hastened to the hall, and returned with the little bowl of arrow-root.

'Drink!' murmured Willie.

Alf. made a dash for the pitcher, and there stopped. His head was in a confused whirl. What had Alice said? Oh, yes; only give him half—yes, that was it—half.' With no steady hand he poured out half a tumblerful and offered it to his patient.

'More!' said Willie crossly.

'Come, now,' coaxed Alf.,' there ain't any more for you just yet. See, here is some stuff; try to take it.'

Willie fretted and feebly abused his nurse after the irritable manner of fever patients, but was finally mollified by the nice little tray containing the appetizing and dainty pudding, with the little jug of creamy milk. Alf. fed him the last spoonful and poured out all the milk, which the thirsty convalescent eagerly drank.

'That's right, Billy, take all you can,' admonished Alf., somewhat thickly—'Allie said to give you all you wanted.'

Ill and feeble as poor Willie was, he vaguely realized that he at last was dealing with an 'easy' person, and a look of deep cunning overspread his wan, corpse-like features.

'Say, Alf., wasn't I to have a potato and gravy?' (Willie had been begging for potatoes ever since his appetite had come.) 'You're to let me have all I want; Allie said so. I guess I'll get up to-morrow. I'm feeling so well.'

Alf. could remember nothing about a potato, and was inclined to divert Willie from the subject. But with the true pertinacity of a fully aroused convalescent, Willie refused to be cajoled or appeased. The poor boy had grasped the fact that his provisions were frequently laid out on a little long table in the hall, and he made a feeble movement and gesture towards the door.

'Just go and see if there isn't something more out there,' he begged. 'Remember, I'm to have all I want.'

Merely to pacify him, Alf. stepped into the hall and glanced at the table. Sure enough, a plate and fork stood off at the further end, and—wonderful coincidence! it contained the greater part of a large, soggy, cold potato and a little butter. It was the remains of Claude's supper which had been inadvertently left in the hall by someone who evidently intended to carry it down later. But Alf., whose head had now reached a quite befuddled condition, could only realize that Willie had sent him to the hall for the potato. There it was, and Allie had told him to give Willie all he wanted. The hall lamp held a little contrivance frequently used for heating the sick boy's milk and broth, and on this Alf. placed the plate, bruising down and turning over the potato and butter till heated through, when he carried it back to his eagerly expectant charge, who swallowed it greedily, and soon after fell into a heavy slumber. At five o'clock Willie was still sleeping, and Alf.'s watch was relieved by Nurse Roberts.

When Willie awoke he was in a high fever accompanied by other alarming symptoms, and the doctor was hastily summoned.

'What have you been giving him to eat?' was the first question.

'We have followed your directions to the letter,' was the reply of the nurse, at once confirmed by Mrs. Kilgour and Alice.

'You are positive he has had nothing within the last twelve hours except what I ordered?'

Miss Roberts testified to leaving a little food, prepared according to directions, on the stand the night before, to be given to him in two portions on awakening. The bowl and cream jug were found to be empty, but the little sauce-dish into which the portions were to be placed had evidently been unused.

'He's gone and given it all at once,' exclaimed Allie, 'and I explained so carefully. How could such a bright fellow as Alf. make such a mistake?'

'Still, I wonder a little at these desperate symptoms. The double rations would do him no good, certainly, but remember the time he managed to reach out to his stand and seize all the watermelon on the tray when I turned my back for two minutes, and it did him no particular harm,' said Mrs. Kilgour tearfully.

'Send for that fool boy who sat up with him,' sputtered the doctor. 'He's probably been feeding him on peanuts and licorice tablets from his pockets.'

'Alf. has plenty of sense,' replied Alice; 'surely he must know better.'

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—I wonder which Psalms are your favorites? I am going to give you a list of names of different things, and I would like you to tell me where they may be found, and what is said about them. You will find the particular references I want in the following Psalms: 1, 8, 15, 19, 23, 67, 121. Please mention every place in these Psalms where these words occur, and say what their connection is.

Money, gold, words, backbiting, reproach, speech, oil, honey, table, cup, earth, waters, rivers of water, tree, valley, hills, firmament, sun, leaf, moon, stars, head, foot, hand, eyes, soul, heart, mouth, face, bird, fish, sheep, oxen, people, nations, reward, delight, staff, health, increase, shade, heat.

Please mention your ages when you send in your answers. The best answers received before July 15th will be printed.

EDITOR.

Lake Megantic.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on New Year's Day. I live at Lake Megantic. This is a very dry summer, and the bush fires are terrible. Our eyes are sore in the houses with smoke, and everybody is wishing for rain. This is the dryest summer so far that we have ever had, I think. My grandma lives in Sherbrooke, and she sent me the 'Northern Messenger' for a year as a present. I like the paper very much. This is the first letter I have ever written to the paper. I am sending you the names of five new subscribers.

C. P. C.

Barry's Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Can you let another visitor in? I have never written to you before, and have come now to make you a little visit. I have been an admiring reader of the 'Northern Messenger' for some time, and have especially taken much interest in the correspondence. I live on a farm two miles from Barry's Bay, that is our nearest town. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I am in the third book at school. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, April 22.

CHARLOTTE A. S. (age 12).

Midhurst.

Dear Editor,—I have four miles to go to school. I am in the Second Reader. I have to leave home about daylight to get there in time for school. Did you ever have to go four miles to school. I have to go about two miles through bush. I was ten years old last August 24.

JOHNNY B.

Ethel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather was a soldier in the United States war; he was shot on the belt, but his buckle saved him. We are going for a ride next Saturday with the Sunday-school down as far as Brussels. That is six miles from where I live. And then we are going to have candies and nuts and lunch when we come back.

E. W. B.

Hawkestone, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the nice Bible you sent me for five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' I thank you very much for it, and think I am well repaid for the little work I had in getting the subscribers. I like the nice clear print in my Bible, and am glad to have it for Sunday-school, which I very seldom miss. We have quite a large one at Hawkestone, held in the basement of the Methodist church. Hawkestone is a nice little village, situated on the shore of Lake Simcoe. We have a nice wharf, and excursion boats call quite often in summer, which, with the railway station and several passenger trains daily, make it a very pleasant and convenient place to live. There are always quite a number of summer boarders in the warm weather. They seem to enjoy resting and playing around our lovely lake. We are about a mile from the village, and father often drives us to school when the snow is deep and the wind blows cold, as it does quite often here in the winter season. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from my cousin, Roy M., at Mitchell Square. Father and mother think we get a lot of good reading in the 'Messenger' for the small sum of thirty cents. Mother often reads the stories aloud to us children in the evening, which we all enjoy very much. I have two brothers older than myself, and three sisters younger, and one little brother.

H. ALMA C.

Crosshill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, which is only a short distance from here. My favorite study is geography. I attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and am in the third class. I got a prize last year. It is a nice book with a story in it called 'The Pink Sash.' I have read quite a number of books, and some of them I will mention: "The Pink Sash,' 'Short and Sweet,' 'Tony the Tramp,' 'Village Shoemaker,' 'Market Handkerchief,' and others.

ALICE S. (age 12).

(We are glad to hear of the books you read and enjoy, and we hope that next time you write you will tell us something about the contents of one or two of your favorite books, and what you think of different characters in them. This applies to other 'Letter Writers.'—Ed.)

Tavistock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letter from Tavistock yet, so I thought I would write one, and some others might follow my example. I go to school every day, and am in the third room. A large number attend school. Tavistock is quite a large village, about fiftten hundred of a population. There are three stores, a large school, one grist mill, a drug store, four hotels, one liquor store, and five churches. I attend the Baptist Sunday-school. I have three brothers, all younger than myself. My birthday is on Feb. 22.

DELLA E. D. (age 11).

Mt. Brydges, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since last Christmas, and we think it is a fine paper. It was sent to me by an aunt, who is now dead. I live in a lovely village, consisting of about two hundred people. It is situated about nine miles from a town, and fifteen from a city. It is also three miles from the Thames river. The Grand Trunk Railway runs through here, and a large amount of live stock is shipped away by this means. There are two hotels, four churches, and a large brick school. The churches are Baptist, English, Presbyterian and Methodist, the latter being the largest and having an Epworth League in connection with it. The Baptist Sunday-school has a missionary band in connection with it, and I think it is doing good work. I have two sisters and two brothers, and also a pet white kitten. I go to school and am in the fourth reader, but intend to try the entrance examination at mid-summer. Our teacher's name is Mr. Bradley. We have a large public library, and a large number of books are circulated. I have read quite a number of books, my favorite authors being Carey and E. P. Roe. The Baptist Sunday-school had a picnic the 25th of May, at Springbank, there being four large loads of children and grown-up people. It was a nice day, and we enjoyed the ride very much. My sister and I went to Port Stanley last summer, and we think the lake is very nice, but do not think we would like to be on it. My birthday is on the 28th of October. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

INA H.

Gobles, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just been looking over a few of the letters on the correspondent page and concluded I would write one too. My papa is a merchant, and so we have a good feast of sweets and things. We have just twenty-seven acres, about seventy-five hens, one hundred chickens, four cows, two horses and nine pigs. In summer it is very pretty around the little village of Gobles. There are two stores, but just one is used, and there is one church called the United Brethren, and one blacksmith's shop. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school at a place called Shower's Corners, which is about three miles and a half from here. I have a walk of about two miles to school in the morning. I am in the junior fourth class, and am ten years old.

MARION E. B.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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The following are the contents of the issue of June 27, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Zollverein Fly—By L. E. C., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
The Protectionist Controversy—Letter from Mr. Chamberlain—English Daily Papers.
From the Working Man—The 'Spectator,' London.
Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at Perth—The 'Daily News,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain as an Economic Guide—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The New Protection—Sir Frederick Pollock, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Blackmail—'The Nation,' New York.
The Promoter's Defence—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Death of Sir E. du Cane—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Must We Lose Boston?—The New York 'Times.'
Unknown Thibet Revealed by a Russian Traveller—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
An Unofficial Report of the Monastir Fights—The New York 'Tribune.'
Rostand at the Academy—By S. D., in the 'Evening Post,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A History of English Caricature—'The Speaker,' London.
The Making of the Sherman Statue—By Kenyon Cox, in 'The Nation,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Happy Rain - Poem, by Robert Loveman.
The First Skylark—Poem, by W. Beach Thomas, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Mother—Poem, by Edward Wright, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Mr. Chesterton's Browning—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Author of 'Dante'; His Struggle Upward—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Modern Life Scourged—A New Book by Tolstoy—The New York 'Sun.'
Mystery of a Manuscript—The 'Westminster Budget,' London.
The Sorrows of Success—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

'Discovery's' Voyage—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Reaching Power of Microscope Wonderfully Extended—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
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HOUSEHOLD.

Our Debt to Mothers.

The person to whom you owe more than you can ever pay or ever imagine is your mother. She endured more for you, served you more patiently, loved you more fondly, thought of you more constantly, and hoped for you more bravely, than any other person you have known on earth, or ever will know, save your wife or your husband, if, indeed, they can always be excepted. If your mother be spared to you, then are you bound to make her a first charge on your life as you desire a peaceful conscience and as you shall answer before the judgment-seat of God. She must be encompassed with every observance of comfort and honor and gentleness and love, with sacrifices, also, if so be it will please her, of tastes and occupations and time, and even friendships, and after you have done all that you can think of and anyone can suggest, you will still remain a hopeless bankrupt for the love wherewith she loved you.

If she has passed from this life, and is now with God, then keep the commandments which she laid upon you in your youth, though now you be a gray-headed man, and follow in her steps, even as she followed Christ. Honor all women, and serve them in purity and chivalry for her sake.—Ian Maclaren, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Tact in the Sick Room.

Sympathy must not be overworked, nor fail to lend itself to that denial which is often a real kindness. The temptation to humor a sick friend or relative in every whim is often irresistible. But true tact, however, may generally find a way by which the patient seems to have every indulgence he desires, yet in truth have nothing but that which the one in charge desires to give him. While the will of the watcher must always be dominant, it should never be so obtrusively; the patient should be ruled so gently that he does not know he is being ruled. At times, of course, the patient will ask for something in such a way that he cannot be led from the subject or be made to think that after all he does not want that particular thing. Then a direct 'no' must be given him; and a quiet, persistent refusal to meet unreasonable and harmful demands will not weaken, but rather make stronger the tie between the invalid and the watcher. Strength and sweetness combined will work wonders in holding such a situation.—Mary R. Baldwin, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Shocks of Grief.

While we often read of serious results arising from sudden shocks of grief, especially among nervous people and delicate women, the impression prevails that such cases are generally exaggerated and hardly worthy of credence. It is true, nevertheless, that a blow inflicted upon the nervous system by sudden grief may be followed by the most serious consequences. The physical trouble is not a figment of the imagination, but a fact deserving of the most careful consideration. On account of the depression nature works slowly in these cases to effect a readjustment of the organs, and she must be afforded every advantage. Seclusion from outside interests which will jar upon the supersensitive system, rest and sleep, plenty of fresh air, cheerful surroundings, light occupation which taxes neither the mind nor the body—all these are necessary to the re-establishment of health in a person who has suffered from nervous shock.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

Selected Recipes

English Plum Pudding.—Take half a pound of each of the following: raisins, currants, suet (chopped fine), bread crumbs, flour, sugar; two ounces of lemon peel, one apple (chopped fine), one teaspoonful of egg powder. Mix with water and boil eight hours.

Ladyfingers.—Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and dry, add gradually one-third of a cup of sugar. Then add the yolks of the eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Cut and fold in one-third cup of flour. Shape into fingers, four inches long and one inch wide, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven eight minutes.

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Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

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Nos. 81382, Samuel M. Martin, Heatherdale, P.E.I., hay tedder attachment for mowing machine; 81440, James Mathieson, Dyer's Bay, Ont., wire stretcher; 81452, Dr. G. G. Corbet, Fairville, N.B., cuff holder; 81466, Auguste St. Pierre, Riv. Trois Pistoles, Que., tie plate; 81488, Wm. G. Arnold, Kamloops, B.C., hot air furnace; 81490, Joseph A. Dysmarteau, Granby, Que., valve; 81503, Henry Broderick, Winnipeg, Man., horse shoe; 81529, Joseph Letourneau, St. Pierre, Riv. du Sud, Que., motor.

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